TOIL and BY FDWI

(Copyright, 1915, by Pathe Exchange, Inc. All Moving Picture Rights and all For-eign Copyrights Strictly Reserved.)

The ugly smile was still on Jake's

and on the steps of the building he

And, like most of those who look

hardly left the docks to answer Pow-

ers' summons when Karl Hurd, deli-

cate of face and hardly strong enough

piece of lumber he was handling and

almost sank to the ground from sheer

weariness. Too much work and not

enough food was slowly killing him,

and only the thought of his wife and

daughter gave him strength enough to

At a low warning shout from one

"Here you, get to work and cut out

"Get to work now, not next week,"

and careless of all consequences-

a thousand demons were after him-

then his revolver spoke-not once

but three times in rapid succession,

the vicious fire and the snipping bul-

They're Pretty Near the Limit Now."

upon the platform and then slowly

drew himself up to a standing posi-

tion. He was too relieved at his

escape from immediate danger to

give much thought to the fact that

his job was probably gone-that he

was out of employment. That a

realization of his full plight would

have come to him soon is possible,

had not a sudden commotion in the

interior of the car attracted his at-

tention. Glancing through the glass

door, he noticed Jake, the smoking

revolver still in his hand, advancing

along the center aisle of the car. His

face was working angrily and every

line of his ugly countenance cried out

for revenge. He had been close upon

The Powers lumber yard lay in low

a Bit."

dashing madly after him.

But Hurd fled blindly on.

that he scented.

keep up.

meted out.

direction.

lumber pile.

itself upon him.

TWELFTH STORY

PROLOGUE.

With wildly shricking horn disturbing the very solitudes of the distant hills, and with pale and terror stricken chauffeur bending over the wheel, the limousine of David Powers, millionaire lumber king, tore through the granite gateway of his beautiful residence and dashed madly along the shrub-bordered driveway toward the marble porch.

Powers himself-tyrant boss of a thousand underfed workmen-was on the steps. Anxiety was betrayed by every line of his working features.

Perry Travis, his legal adviser, was with him, and as the machine came to a sudden stop before them, its grinding wheels sending up a shower of tine stone and gravel. Powers was seen to pause and turn an instant toward the younger man as if for

He had heard the piercing, clanking notes of the horn long before the machine was in sight. He knew the places and were busy at work when temper of his men. He realized that Jake came around the corner of the his affairs were approaching a crisis. nearest lumber pile-that is, all but And he was afraid-afraid with the Hurd. pitiful fear which comes over strong men when they realize that the confronting danger is of their own crea- bounded across the low pile in Hurd's

With trembling limbs the chauffeur climbed from his seat and averted his fear distended eyes, as with unsteady hand he pointed to the broken window a vicious kick, pane in the door of the handsome machine. The small round hole, with its pattern of radiating cracks, like a thoughtless as to what the future serried and shattered mirror, told its might hold for him-he lunged flerceown story. Nothing but a bullet could have made a break like that.

Mastering his own emotion with supreme effort, Powers stepped toward the machine, and with firm hand-for his was a will of fron-he opened the door. From out of the luxurious interior he lifted the inert body of his beautiful daughter and pressed her to his bosom-a bosom that was racked and torn with partly stifled sobs.

Gently-gently as when she had been an infant some twenty years ago-he carried her into the house and tenderly-oh, so tenderly he placed her on a divan.

David Powers sank on one knee beside the cot, and then slowly his body seemed to shrivel and sag, much like a half-filled bag of meal, as with a complete surrender to grief he threw himself prone upon the floor and uttered the single word,

"Dead." Travis stood silently beside the stricken father, unable to think or lets adding to the pandemonium that move. The young woman who lay reigned in the lumber yard. there a victim to the wickedness that the tyranny of her father had stirred in the breasts of his workmen, had been his fiancee, and his sorrow was but little less than that of the agonized parent.

David Powers was known as the man who never smiled during business hours. He was known as the man whose employees all feared him. He was known, too, as one of the most successful lumbermen in the business on the Pacific coast and all who knew him envied him. Stern, domineering, and with a genius for organization, he could get more work out of less men for smaller wages than any man in the state of Californiathat is, more than any man except one. And the man who excelled him as a driver of men, the man who could extract one more ounce of labor for one tithe less of wages was Jake Snyder, the chief foreman, pugnacious, hard as nails, flinty-hearted and entirely without sentiment.

Jake made an ideal driver for so exacting a boss as Powers. Watch him now on this morning several weeks before the shooting of Laura Powers. Watch him as he talks among the men there on the dock | acle. and on the boat. Note the feverish anxiety with which the men bend to their tasks when he glowers in their direction. Powers had just driven up to his

office in his high-powered six and had sent to Jake.

The millionaire was looking over the market column of the morning paper when his foreman entered and he never lifted his eyes from the absorbing sheet until the field commander had drawn his chair up close to his employer's desk.

There was no word of greeting be-

tween the men. Pointing a pudgy finger first at the newspaper and then at the nose of his foreman, the millionaire spoke tersely

and harshly: "Lumber's high in the East, Jake. Drive your men to the limit and get that shipment east while prices hold

There was a grim cruelty in Jake's eyes and just a tinge of a smile on his firm, thin lips as he answered: "They're pretty near the limit now, glancing into the interior of the car, but I guess we can speed 'em up a

into the air, over the lumber yard, and on toward the city.

mentary respite, Karl gathered himmuring a prayer for safety, he hurled moving trolley and landed on top of a towering lumber pile. As he lay winded and panting on top of the ried swiftly past him on the dashing grievances before the millionaire. trolley, shaking his fist at his escaped quarry in impotent rage.

Slowly, his fingers gripping desperately at the projecting boards, his feet unsteady and his head swimming, Hurd climbed down the side of the lumber pile that had been his at each other. And then Shand, with face when he left the private office temporary haven. It seemed ages the self-command and eloquence that Hurd, perhaps it was because the inpaused for a moment, spat on his before he reached the ground. hands and squared his shoulders, as And then he came face to face with if enjoying the prospect of trouble

Snyder. Like wild beasts the men glared at

each other. for trouble, Snyder found it. He had Slowly, cautiously they approached. Snyder's attitude was eager, expectant, Hurd's was desperate. Snyder swung his rude weapon easily, holding it ready. Hurd's flats were for the work he had been forced to accept, staggered back, dropped the doubled. The two men closed.

Snyder, his intended blow blocked for the moment, found himself borne backward by the fierce rush of the other. He struggled with a determination worthy of a better cause. And his superior strength soon told.

Straining and panting he slowly Several of his fellow laborers came forced Hurd to release his grip, and, towards him and offered to help him. shoving his opponent from him, he They talked with discontent over consuddenly, with the swiftness of a man ditions that forced them to submit to trained to such warfare, raised his the treatment that Jake and Powers club and sent it crashing down upon the skull of the underfed and poorly nourished stevedore. of their number, all jumped to their Hurd dropped like a stone. He was

> "Wait until my birthday, Perry-it's only four months-and then perhaps-

that soldiering," yelled Snyder as he Laura Powers had gently withdrawn her soft white hand from the more masculine ones of Perry Travis and he added as Hurd was slow in responding, emphasizing the words with

She was happy and pampered and ing." Sudden, swift passion seized Hurd, indulged. She had reveled in a father's love-a love that amounted almost to swer. worship. And now she knew that she had gained another man's love - the ly at his foreman, and struck him love of a man who was worthy and squarely between the eyes. His was had her father's approval. the strength of desperation and the

Small wonder that the days had blow sent Jake reeling against the had taken unto itself wings. And now The startled shout-half of amazeguests were assembling. Already Pergreeted Hurd's action, as much as the sudden impact of doubled fist tient for his answer. And even yet against human flesh, brought him Laura sometimes wondered just what quickly to his senses, and he stood that answer would be. for a moment staring at his dazed

And Laura, while entering into the persecutor as the realization of what gayety about her, yet found her mind he had done was slowly impressing frequently wandering away from her surroundings; found herself constant-And then fear seized him, and turning on his heel he fied-fied as if | ly trying to concentrate on the answer she was so soon to give Perry.

And then he came to greet her. Long fled blindly up one lumber yard alley and fondly he gazed into her eyes and and down the other with the enraged Snyder, who had quickly recovered, unconscious of her surroundings she let him hold her hand longer than was strictly necessary. "Stop or I fire," yelled Jake, and

Quietly her father stepped up to where they stood. "Friends," he said, "I wish to announce the engagement of my daugh-

ter Laura to Perry Travis." The confused laugh and the pretty Stumbling, plunging, falling and ing themselves in telltale profusion up | time. rising again, he raced across the to the very roots of her wavy hair, were enough to tell those present that her father's words had not displeased her. Perry had his answer.

Just then, as if the fates were loth that happiness should reign supreme, there came an interruption. While the guests were crowding up and about Laura, the women kissing her and the men showering congratulations upon her, the servants were trying to keep a committee of workmen from entering at the gate.

Tim Shand was at their head-Tim weeks now the men had been on Said Jake, "but We'll Speed 'Em Up been starvation in the homes of the strikers and destitution among the rough, uneven ground, and reached children of the workingmen. Ever the railroad tracks just as the intersince the trouble between Snyder and urban trolley bound for San Pedro Hurd the discontent of the men had whirred into view. With his last regrown. And then had come the last maining ounce of strength, he made straw-the order given by Powers and a desperate spurt and flung himself enforced by Snyder-an order, workheadlong on to the front platform of ing the men an hour longer each day the rushing trolley. That he escaped and all day Sunday without extra pay. death beneath the wheels was a mir-Even Snyder, tyrannical as he was known to be, had protested slightly For just an instant Hurd lay prone

at the latest outrage. "The men'll never stand it," he had

"Times are hard and it must be done," Powers had answered. "The men will strike," Snyder had

ventured. "Then we will get others," the milionaire had answered.

And so, going from group to group, Snyder had driven them harder, had shouted the new orders at them, had sought to coerce them into submission by a volley of filthy oaths.

Even the worm will turn, they say, and hungry, underpaid stevedores are less patient than the earth-grubbing insect. There were murmurs at Snyder's orders and open rebellion at his he was at the gate of the lumber Hurd's heels in the mad race and a duplicate of the wild lunge that language. Just how it started nobody landed Hurd on the front platform seemed to know; just who began it doesn't matter. Suffice to say that had catapulted him on to the back leaderless as the men were, impelled by a common instinct, they had sudground just east of the trolley right denly rushed the rough-tongued fore- the way. of way, and at the instant that Hurd, man and had thrown him off the dock into the water. Then had come the saw his pursuer advancing upon him, march to the office, the demand for the car was swiftly moving onto a better pay, the clanging of the gate,

trestle that carried the trolley high | the call for the police-and the strike. | hadn't the strength of a half-grown Of all this not a word had reached boy. Laura. Of all this not a whisper, not | So intently were the men watching It was a time for quick action, and a suggestion had found its way be-Hurd was equal to the emergency. hind the beautiful vine-covered stone approach of Powers and his prospec-With a new strength born of his mo- wall that surrounded the Powers es- tive son-in-law. tate. Not a syllable had been perself together for a spring, and mur- mitted to disturb the peace and serenity of the millionaire's palatial reshimself flercely from the swiftly idence, and probably never would have, if the men at an open air meeting on the afternoon of Laura's party, had not appointed Tim Shand the rude skyscraper, he saw Jake car- head of a committee to place their

the latter asked.

hurt you know.

Travis.

"We can never get to him at his lionaire. office. We will see him at his home," Tim had shouted, At last Tim and the angry Powers

came face to face. For a moment the two men glared

had made him a leader among the workmen, quickly made his plea for fustice. "We come to you, Mr. Powers, be-

cause we realize that you do not know what the men have suffered. We with his old employee at the gate to know that if you had realized the his office, sent for his worthy foreawful tyranny of your underling. conditions would have been improved | der that caused the strike and filled long ago. We ask you to take the men back under proper working



Laura's Fiance Throwing Her Father's Tenants Out of Their Homes.

conditions. And (this firmly), had gazed dreamily out across the ask the removal of Snyder. Not for well trimmed lawns and beautiful gar- ourselves alone, but for our wives and children we appear. They are stary-

"Let them starve," was Powers' an

Laura was a surprised and startled witness to this stirring scene. She had never realized before that there was such a thing as starvation.

A great compassion was born withflown swiftly. Small wonder that time in her. Her features showed the dawn of a wondrous pity. Putting her arms ment and half of approval-which her birthday was here. Already the about her father's neck she asked him to tell her all about the strikers and ry was at the house, eager and impa- their hungry families. Laughingly he put her from him.

"Those problems are not for little girls fike you," he told her. "Go and join your guests. They will miss you." 111.

Mina Hurd was a frail and delicate woman of twenty-five. A constant cold and sightless eyes of the wife battle with poverty had left its marks. Far into each night she toiled with needle in a desperate endeavor to eke out the little family's slender income.

Bent over some hand-sewing, urging her weary fingers to unceasing endeavors to add to the slowly increasing pile of finished garments beside her, she hardly dared to raise her eyes from her work, when a commotion at the unpainted front door of the shabby cottage warned her that her father's side she tugged at his blushes that mantled her cheek, chas- she was having visitors at an unusual

Two laborers appeared at the doorway supporting the half unconscious Hurd between them. His head was covered with blood. His eyes were glassy. His feet shuffled and seemed too heavy for him to lift.

"Your husband's been hurt, ma'am," said one of the men, as guided by Mina, they half dragged, half carried the injured man to the scantily furnished bedroom and propped their stricken comrade in the shabby bed.

The happenings of the next few hours were as a dream to Mina. She the fiery-Tim the eloquent. For had a hazy recollection that one of the men had called the kindly-faced spokesman of the committee that had strike. For weeks there had been tur. and gentle Doctor Gray. She vaguely moil and strife. For weeks there had remembered having fed something to the Colonial party the day before. little Mina. She dimly sensed having helped Doctor Gray and one of the laborers dress her husband's wound. of the sheriff's office were carrying But from out the chaotic jumble of her tangled memory one thing stood bold and clear. It was the verdict of the doctor, spoken in gentle, kindly

> "Your husband has a severe injury to the skull. He cannot work for many weeks." Followed days and weeks of des-

perate struggle for Mina, while Hurd slowly recovered his strength. Came the day when Doctor Gray warned Mina that she would have to

be careful. "That cough will get you, little

woman," he said as he kindly refused the money she proffered him. "Hush, he will hear you," Mina whispered as she looked apprehensively towards the bedroom where Hurd had gone for his morning nap.

needed all the rest he could get. But her warning came too late Hurd had caught the words and understood. In half an hour he was tottering from the house. In an hour counter with Snyder to save the

health of Mina. A new and surly gateman barred the burly bully. The scuffle was short | ra, showing indignation in every pose | guilty.

When the troops were passing

Lieutenant Grivelet was wounded, and, still under fire, Andre carried the officer's sword, revolver, maps and equipment while they looked for an

Red Cross wagon and driven to the railway station to take the hospital train. Andre ran for miles after the about suspecting you of being a mode

An hour passed-an hour freighted with frightful portent for the actors in the tragedy of toil and tyranny that is rapidly nearing its final cureach other that neither had heard the tain. In that hour Laura had found her father, and with arms around his neck had begged him to have mercy "What's the meaning of all this?" "You must take pity on your poor toilers, father," she had pleaded, and "Please, Mr. Powers, I've come back he had laughingly put her off. In to work. I've been laid up. I was that hour Mrs. Shand had stormed the meeting of the strikers in the vacant

Recognition showed in the face of lot and had, in an impassioned plea of crude eloquence, lashed them into "He's the man who assaulted Snya fury for revenge. In that hour Karl der," he said, turning towards the mil-Hurd, a vow for vengeance in his soul, had left the body of his dead wife and "You-you thug!" thundered Pow

hundreds of homes with want and he so richly deserved.

tor Gray forced upon him.

IV.

might never have been written,

employees were really suffering.

attracted Laura's attention.

ling?" she asked tenderly.

"My mamma's gone."

f toil and tyranny

tle:

"Betty Hurd," sobbed the child.

And following the persistent tug of

the little one's hand Laura suffered

herself to be led into Karl Hurd's

house of sorrow and anguish; suffered

herself to be led to the bedroom

where the stricken husband, stunned

by grief, sat staring down into the

who had offered herself on the altar

Laura stooped to the little child,

and gathering her in her arms she

sought to give her some of that moth-

er comfort she would never know

again. Yielding to an impulse she

opened her purse and poured its con-

tents into the hand of the little one.

Easily influenced as children are,

Laura's hand and running gayly to

sleeve and lisped in her childish prat-

Mutely he nodded his dumb thanks.

house of Tim Shand-aggressive Tim

Shand, champion of the men and the

bearded Powers in his own home at

Furniture was piled high on the

sidewalk and men wearing the badges

more of it into the street despite the

violent protests of the wildly di-

Laura's interest was aroused, less

by the spectacle itself than by the

fact that Perry Travis, her flancee

and her father's legal adviser, was di-

"And what does this mean, Perry?"

He remained silent, both to her

"Answer me!" and Laura stamped

"They are only partly paid for." The

"So you rob them of their homes.

recting the work of the despoilers.

sheveled Mrs. Shand.

a prompt reply.

ing moment.

and decisive. Hurd was thrown, limp of her dainty little body, hurried away

and panting, up against the fence. He to find her father.

ply was jerky and stilted.

wages," she persisted.

her pretty foot in anger.

mortgages. That is all."

"See what the lady gave me.

"And why are you crying?"

around her.

ers. "You can't work here. We have gone to join the maddened strikers. no place for disturbers like you. Get Though he did not yet realize it, David Powers, for the first time in Perhaps it was because of the anger his life, had reached a point where events were getting beyond his conaroused by his resentment against trol. A higher hand than his was dealing the cards. Fate had taken part in creasing extravagances of Laura made the game. And so it happened at the him desperate to increase his income. perhaps it was only because of pure very moment that his daughter Laura cussedness, but at any rate Powers had decided to slip from the house and go do herself and help the went straight from his encounter stricken families of her father's employees, the strikers themselves had man, and issued the Sunday work ordecided to hold up her father's auto and give him the beating up they felt

poverty and starvation. And all dur-Skillfully Shand disposed his forces at a point of vantage in a turn of the ing the weary weeks of the unequal struggle between capital and labor road just beyond the Powers man-Mina Hurd lay slowly dying, while sion. The men were armed with clubs, her husband sat helplessly by, suband at a point in the boulevard where sisting on the charity of friends and they were hidden until the auto was buying medicine with the money Docalmost upon them, logs were thrown across the highway. Hurd volunteered to act as lookout, and Shand If Laura Powers had been less not knowing that the half-crazed and thoughtless-less selfish-if she had sorely stricken man had craftily stolen taken an interest in the condition of the revolver from his own side pocket, her father's employees before the aftaccepted his services. "Go up near ernoon of her interrupted Colonial the gate and signal us when the auto party, this tale of hardship and pristarts!" were his final instructions

vation, this story of tyranny and toil And so the stage was set. Slowly the limousine drew out from The day after the party found her the Powers estate. The millionaire starting out alone on a mission of had drawn the shades to protect himcharity and exploration. All night self from the insults and gibes of his long the word, "starving" had been men on the streets and Laura had not ringing in her brain, and she meant bothered to raise them. Out on to the to find out for herself if the wives road the machine swung and had just and children of her father's striking gathered full momentum when the chauffeur's heart was turned to stone And now driving slowly through the by the orange tongue of flame that streets formed by the cottages of her leaped from behind the trunk of a father's men, she gazed with sickentree, by the ringing shot of a welling heart at the signs of misery and aimed gun, by the crash of glass in distress that multiplied on every hand the body of the car behind him, and by the mad maniacal peal of laughter One particularly pretty child, sobthat echoed wildly through the afterbing as if her little heart would break, noon air. As he brought the auto into a quick turn he caught one glimpse at "And what is your name, my dara pair of strangely staring, unhallowed eyes that peered at him from

> at the roadside. David Powers was an influential man in the community where he lived. Police had guarded his palatial home all during the strike. They were near at hand when the shooting took place. And so it happened that the exulting, grinning murderer was quickly caught and was dragged into Powers' library while the agonized millionaire, still in the first burst of his awful grief, was bending over the cold, dead form of his beautiful martyred daughter.

behind the trunk of the grand old tree

"Do with me what you will. I have had my revenge! The world has one less tyrant to oppress it," Hurd shouted. And then his eyes fell upon Pow-



Laura Visiting Her Father's Striking Employees.

ers. He started as if he had seen a ghost. "You," he muttered weakly. "You, thought-"

And then his eyes traveled slowly to the beautiful form on the couch. "And she was kind to me." he sobbed. "She gave my Betty money. She wanted to help us and I killed her."

The words seemed to arouse Pow ers. For the first time he became conscious that he was not alone. "You!" he shouted in his turn,

she demanded in tones that compelled His eyes blazed fury and he made one infuriated leap at the manacled These men are strikers. They must maniac before him. He would have go. They won't work. We need the killed the man with his bare hands houses for others who will." His rehad not the police and Travis restrained him. "But I thought these people had

And thus they stood a tragic group paid for their homes out of their around the bier. And to each had been meted out his own appropriate question and to the insistent demands punishment. Poor Laura had paid of Mrs. Shand, whose excitement and with her life. Travis had paid with His convalescence was slow and he hysteria were growing with each pass- loss of his flancee-with the prospect of facing a blighted life until relieved by a merciful death. Hurd, in his wild pursuit of revenge, had paid by adding another sorrow, another remorse to his already overwhelming answer came slowly. "They are only burden of woe. From David Powers partly paid for, and as they remain yard, asking to see his old antagonist. in .your father's possession until en- had been exacted the greatest trib-He was willing to risk another en- tirely cleared, and as the men are ute. He paid with the life of his most earning no money and cannot con- precious possession-his daughter. For tinue payment, we are foreclosing the in the Tragedy of Tyranny and Toil, as in the other great tragedies of life, the weak must pay as well as the And he tried to force his way past For shame. I'll stop that." And Lau- strong, the innecent as well as the

> WHO PAYS? (END OF THE SERIES.)

PAINS IN SIDE AND BACK

How Mrs. Kelly Suffered and How She was Cured.



Burlington, Wis .- "I was very irregular, and had pains in my side and back, but after taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Tablets and using two bottles of the Sanative Wash I am fully convinced that I am entirely cured of these troubles, and feel better all over. I know your remedies have

done me worlds of good and I hope every suffering woman will give them a trial."-Mrs. ANNA KELLY, 710 Chestnut Street, Burlington, Wis.

The many convincing testimonials constantly published in the newspapers ought to be proof enough to women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the medicine they need.

This good old root and herb remedy has proved unequalled for these dreadful ills; it contains what is needed to restore woman's health and strength.

If there is any peculiarity in your case requiring special advice, write the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass., for free advice.

No Wonder They Laughed. A man in telling about a wonderful parrot hanging in a cage from a window of a house which he often passed. said:

"It cries 'Stop thief,' so naturally that every time I hear it I always stop.

He couldn't understand why his friends began to laugh.

FOR BABY RASHES

Cuticura Soap is Best Because So Soothing and Cooling. Trial Free.

If baby is troubled with rashes, eczemas, itchings, chafings or hot, irritated skin follow Cuticura Soap bath with light application of Cuticura Ointment to the affected part. Nothing so soothing, cooling and refreshing when he is fretful and sleepless.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L. Boston. Sold everywhere.-Adv.

During the Bugsome. The Golf Insect-Where did the Beetle fall off his game, caddie? The Caddie Insect-At the seventh hole, sir; he lost four strokes getting

over an anthill. "Money Back" Medicine.

Our readers never risk a cent when they buy Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh because every dealer in this liniment is authorized to refund the money if the Balsam is not satisfactory. Adv.

The man with a scheme nearly aiways wants to raise the money necessary to put it through by subscription.

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days Druggists refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure liching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. First application gives relief. 50c.

It's an easy matter for some real estate dealers to make mountains of molehills.

One remedy with many uses-Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh. Adv.

Beauty is only skin deep-and often just as shallow

Makes Hard Work Harder

A bad back makes a day's work twice as hard. Backache usually comes from weak kidneys, and if headaches, dizziness or urinary disorders are added, don't wait-get help before the kidney disease takes a grip-before dropsy, gravel or Bright's disease sets in. Doan's Kidney Pills have brought new life and new strength to thousands of working men and women. Used and recommended the world over.

> An Ohio Case S. B. Gillett, Main



wreck. Since using three boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills, I haven't had the least sign of these aliments." Get Donn's at Any Store, 50c a Bex

DOAN'S HIDNEY FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.



C. O. Brown, \$40 Emerson Place, Youngstown, O., rrites: I used Save-The-Horse for a Splint; abe was

IT IS THE KING OF REMEDIES OOK Borse Works as Usual White or Summer. No bilatering Every bettiesold with a Signal

BUT WRITE and we will send our 95-page "SAVE THE-HORSE ROOK."—It is the Quint-Essence and last word on ALL LAMESUSS, ILLUSTRATES ALSO Sample Contract and ASVICE-ALL PREZ (to Morse Owners and Managure). Address TROY CHEMICAL CO., 5 Commerce Ave., Binglamton, H. Y.

Druggists everywhere sell Save-The-Horse with CONTRACT or we send by Parcel Post.

Virginia Farms and Homes

FREE UATALOGUE OF SPLENDID BARGAINS. R. B. CHAFFIN & CO., Inc., Richmond, Va.

Noted Author Has Graphically Depicted Struggle of Youth to Get

Foothold on Life's Ladder. I did not shirk my task at the store, although I never got over the feeling that a fine instrument was being employed where a coarser one would have done equally well. There were moments when I was almost overcome

BEFORE HIS RISE TO FAME; once driven out of a shop by an in- bank tellers. Save Harvey, the ven- name, on the battlefield beyond the by the side of the lieutenant on the self in the train. So he accompanied errands in the wholesale district, treading the burning brick of the pavements, dodging heavy trucks and drays and perspiring clerks who flew by surges of self-commiseration and about with memorandum pads in their impotent anger. For instance, I was hands, or awaiting the pleasure of twelve-year-old boy, Andre Guede by of Bouillancy the youngster remained vehicle and succeeded in hiding him-

standing. Yet the days passed, the came away with the taste of Breck & of war, has made public. daily grind absorbed my energies, Co.'s mail on my palate, it being my and when I was not collecting or tedi- final duty to "lick" the whole of it and through the village of Neuilly-enously going over the stock in the dim deposit it in the box at the corner. The Thelle, little Andre said to his mother, recesses of the store, I was running gum on the envelopes tasted of wintergreen.-From Winston Churchill's "A Far Country."

Brave French Child.

censed German grocer whom I had erable porter, I was the last to leave Marne, were told in a letter that Alex- firing line and would not leave him, Grivelet to Riva Bella, where he is asked to settle an account of long the store in the evening, and I always andre Millerand, the French minister

"I'm going to follow the soldiers!" Off he went, and the regiment he fol- ambulance, lowed was soon in the thick of the fight. Sub-Lieutenant Grivelet took

the boy under his protection. The remarkable adventures of a During the three days of the battle

The lieutenant was picked up by the

even though the German artillery and now staying, happy in the companionmachine-gun fire swept the ranks, ship of his wounded friend,-Youth's Companion.

Not Everything. "My wife suspects me of everything.

"Oh, I don't think it is that bad." "You just heard her talking to me!" "Yes, but she didn't say anything